

HILL WAS A TRAINBOY.

It was not generally known that Senator Hill has risen from a humble origin and that he was the original "trainboy" on the New York Central Railroad,—the first urchin that ever sold newspapers, cigars, and chewing-gum on the railroad in that State.

He secured the privilege from Dean Richmond, then manager of the section of what is now the New York Central system between Syracuse and Rochester, and finally operated the whole line between the Buffalo and Albany, having a number of other boys to assist him. He might have been a millionaire, also, had he not gone back to school when he was seventeen years old, with an ambition to study law, and allowed himself to drift into politics as soon as he was admitted to the bar.

He made political speeches before he was old enough to vote; and was elected a delegate to a congressional nominating convention the same month that he became of age. His father was a carpenter in the little New York village of Havana.

Mr. Hill has been so busy with politics all his life that he has never had time to make money, and is not worth more than \$50,000 all told, most of which is invested in his home in the suburbs of Albany, which was built and embellished by poor "Fritz" Emmet, at a cost of more than \$150,000, and was sold to Mr. Hill after his death for one fifth of that sum.

THE "LETS" OF LIFE.

There were two little sisters at the house whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together. They had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," said I to them one day. "How is it that you are always so happy together?"

They looked up, and the older answered: "Oh, you know, Addie lets me, and I let Addie."

I thought a moment.

"Ah, that is it," I said; "she lets you, and you let her; that's it!"

Did you ever think what a cause of discord not "letting" is among children?

Even now, while I have been writing, a great crying was heard under my window. I looked out.

"Gerty, what is the matter?"

"Mary won't let me have her ball," screamed Gerty.

"Well, Gerty wouldn't lend me her pencil in school," cried Mary, "and I don't want she should have my ball."

"Fie! fie! is that the way sisters should treat each other?"

"She shan't have my pencil," muttered Gerty, "she'll only lose it."

"And you'll only lose my ball," retorted Mary, "and I shan't let you have it."

A disobliging spirit begets a great deal of quarreling.

These little girls, Addie and her sister, have got the true secret of good manners. Addie lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie. They are yielding, kind, unselfish, and always ready to oblige each other. Neither wishes to have her own way at the expense of the other. And do you not love them already?—*Lutheran Observer.*

THE BOY MARTYR.

Hezekiah Butterworth tells us in "The Patriotic Schoolmaster" that the first person to fall in the Revolutionary War was a boy.

There were a few merchants in Boston who continued to sell taxed articles; they came to be despised and hated. The boys, in their hasty patriotism, made on a placard a list of the names of those who imported and sold prescribed articles, and put it on a pole that bore a wooden head and hand. They set this image up before an importer's door, with the wooden hand pointing toward it, and this made the importer angry, and he fired a musket into the crowd of boys. Christopher Gore, afterward governor of Massachusetts, was slightly wounded.

Little Christopher Snyder, a boy whose mother was a widow, and who had followed the spirit of the times, fell, mortally wounded. They took up his form and bore it away, and the whole city wept. Never in America was there a boy's funeral like his. They made for him a patriot's coffin and bore his form to the Liberty Tree, which stood near the present corner of Washington and Essex Streets. On the coffin was this motto: "Innocence itself is not safe." The boys of nearly all the schools, some six hundred in number, gathered around the body as an escort. The bells tolled, business was closed, and some fifteen hundred people followed the body of the first martyr to the cause of American liberty to the grave.

As the procession marched, not only the bells of Boston, but those of the neighboring towns were heard tolling. It was almost spring, and there was a mellowness in the air. That procession was a prophecy of events to come, a protest against the injustice of the royal power. The sons of liberty should remember little Snyder's grave.

AN HOUR WITH THE BIBLE.

How many children can find answers to these questions.

A king was once shut up in a very great and very beautiful city by the army of a much more powerful king. But he thought himself safe inside his city because it had very great, high walls, and there were no cannon in those days to batter down the walls. So, instead of worrying about the strength of his enemies in the plains outside the city walls, this king spent his time in seeking pleasure. One day he ordered a great feast to be prepared and invited a thousand of the great men of his kingdom to eat with him. While he was drinking wine at the feast he thought of some beautiful gold drinking vessels which his grandfather (called his father,) who was a very great conqueror, had carried away from the Temple of God at Jerusalem, so he ordered his servants to bring these vessels that he might drink out of them.

While he was drinking the fingers of a man's hand appeared to him writing something on the wall, and he became very much frightened.

What was it that these fingers wrote? What did it mean? Who explained the writing to the king, and what happened to the king that same night?

DR. JOHNSON'S REPROOFS.

Dr. Johnson never suffered an oath to pass unrebuked in his presence. When a libertine, but a man of some note, was once talking before him, and interlarding his stories with oaths, Johnson said—"Sir, all this swearing will do nothing for our story; I beg you will not swear." The narrator went on swearing; Johnson said, "I must again entreat you not to swear." He swore again, and Johnson indignantly quitted the room.

Dr. Johnson, giving advice to an intimate friend, said—"Above all, accustom your children constantly to tell the truth, without varying in any circumstance." A lady present emphatically exclaimed—"Nay, this is too much; for a little variation in narrative must happen a thousand times a day, if one is not perpetually watching." Well, madam," replied the doctor, "and you ought to be perpetually watching. It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world."

THE hope of immortality will never desert the breasts of men so long as the warm lips of surviving love kiss the cold lips of the dead. "They sin who tell us love can die."